

The Mirror

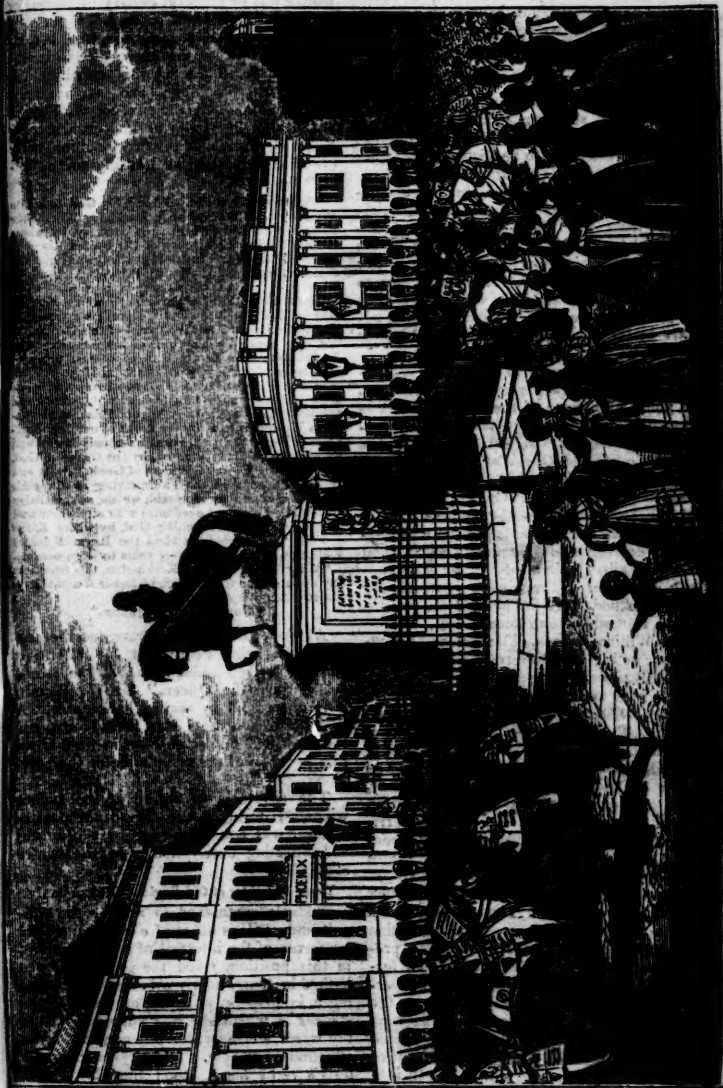
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PROCLAMATION OF HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA, AT CHARING CROSS.

VOL. XXX.

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PROCLAMATION OF HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE prefixed Engraving represents this interesting ceremony, at Charing Cross—a more appropriate spot than which could not be found in the metropolis—hallowed as it is with historical associations of the highest order.

Wednesday, June 21, was the day fixed by the Queen for this ceremony: it was the longest day, and God grant that it may be the commencement of the longest reign in our regal calendar, to be distinguished alike for its glory and its endurance.

Her Majesty, attended by her august mother, the Duchess of Kent, and suite, arrived from Kensington at St. James's Palace, at ten o'clock. The Queen, who was dressed in plain mourning, soon after her arrival, passed through the State Rooms to the Presence Chamber, the window of which, looking into the large courtyard of the palace by the side of Marlborough House, was open.

The arrangements in the courtyard beneath presented a picturesque appearance. A guard of honour of the Life Guards was drawn up in the centre fronting the palace; a little in advance stood the Queen's marshalsmen, the Queen's serjeant trumpeter, and the household drums and trumpeters in state uniforms. On the north side of the space between the Guards and the Palace, were the sergeants at arms on horseback, bearing their large gilt maces, and wearing silver collars of SS; on the opposite side, near to the window at which her Majesty stood, were the heralds and pursuivants, dismounted and uncovered.

Sir William Woods, (Clarencieux king-at-arms), acting as Deputy Garter, wore a splendid tabard, richly embroidered in gold, and a gold collar of SS; James Cuthrow Disney, Esq., Somerset herald; C. G. Young, Esq., York herald; and Walter Aston Blount, Esq., Chester herald; wore tabards of satin, richly embroidered, and silver collars of SS. Mr. James Pulman, portcullis pursuivant; Mr. Robert Laurie, rouge coix pursuivant; Mr. George Harrison, bluemantle pursuivant; and Mr. Thomas W. King, rouge dragon pursuivant; also wore embroidered satin tabards.

At ten o'clock, the military band struck up, and the Park and Tower guns fired a double and royal salute; at the conclusion of which the Marquis of Lansdowne, president of the Council, led the Queen forward to the open window. The appearance of her Majesty was the signal for the loudest exclamations of joy, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the gentlemen their hats, in the air. At the first shout of gratulation, the young Queen burst into tears; which continued, notwithstanding

an evident attempt on the part of her Majesty to restrain her feelings, to flow down her pale cheeks, until her Majesty retired from the window. Her recognition of the people was by graceful courtesy in return for their devotional affection towards her.

During these proceedings, the heralds had taken up their customary station immediately beneath the window at which the Queen was standing; and, upon silence being obtained, clarencieux, Sir W. Woods, in the absence of Garter king-at-arms, Sir Ralph Bignold, read the proclamation, made the day previously at Kensington, as follows:—

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call to His Mercy our late Sovereign Lord King William the Fourth of blessed and glorious memory, by whose decease the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has solely and rightfully come to the High and Mighty Princess Alexandrina Victoria, saving the rights of any issue of his late Majesty King William the Fourth which may be born of his late Majesty's Consort; we, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this Realm, being here assisted with those of his late Majesty's Privy Council, with numbers of others, principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of London, do now hereby, with one voice and consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim that the High and Mighty Princess Alexandrina Victoria is now, by the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory, become our only lawful and rightful Liege Lady Victoria, by the Grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, saving as aforesaid. To whom, saving as aforesaid, we do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience with all hearty and humble affection, beseeching God, by whom Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the Royal Princess Victoria with long and happy years to reign over us.

"Given at the Court at Kensington, this twentieth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

At first, the cheering prevented the proclamation being heard, but the latter part was distinctly audible; and at the words "God save the Queen," Sir W. Woods, gave the signal by waving his sceptre. A flourish of trumpets was then blown, and the Park and Tower guns again fired a salute in token of the completion of the ceremony.

The spectacle presented at the palace windows, during the reading of the proclamation, was one of a singularly beautiful and affecting description. In the centre stood the

Young Daughter of Old England's Royal line!—suddenly summoned to assume the difficult and perilous office of earthly ruler and preserver of the interests of a great nation; in this position, stood the youthful Queen bathed in tears, nearly overwhelmed by the more immediate pressure of the circumstances by which she was surrounded, and the warm and heart-felt out-pourings of an affectionate people. Directly on her Majesty's right hand, stood the Marquis of Lansdowne; to her left stood Viscount

Melbourne, her Majesty's Prime Minister; close behind, forming a semicircle, were to be seen most of the members of her Majesty's government and household. A little on the right of the Marquis of Lansdowne, stood her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, who watched intensely every movement of her illustrious Queen and daughter, and during one part of the ceremony appeared to be deeply affected.

The Queen and her attendants having retired from the widow, the heralds set out with the cavalcade, the procession having formed in Pall Mall, as follows:—

A detachment of Life Guards, Police and other Constables, to clear the way:

The High Constable of Westminster, on horseback, carrying his staff.

A detachment of Life Guards.
Constables of Westminster, with their staves.

The High Bailiff of Westminster.
Horse Guards.

Trumpets.
Knight Marshalmen, two and two.
Household Drums.

Kettle Drums.
Trumpets.
The Deputy Sergeant Trumpeter, in his collar, on foot.

Sergeants-at-Arms, bearing their maces. Sergeants-at-Arms, bearing their maces.

Pursuivants.
Rouge Dragon, Bluemantle,
Thomas Wm. King. G. H. Rogers Harrison.
Rouge Croix, Portcullis,
Robert Laurie. James Fulman.

Heralds.
Chester: Walter Aston Blount, Esq.
York, Somerset,
Ches. Geo. Young, Esq.—Jas. Cathrow Disney, Esq.
A detachment of Life Guards.

The procession having thus formed, moved on through Pall Mall and Cockspur-street to Charing Cross. On arriving opposite Northumberland-street, in front of the eastern entrance to Trafalgar-square, the pageant halted, when the proclamation was read in a loud voice, by the Somerset herald, as shown in the Engraving. The crowd was immense, and the manifestations of applause rose to deafening enthusiasm.

The cavalcade next progressed through the Strand to Temple Bar, and on arriving there found the gates closed. Rouge Dragon Pursuivant then advanced between two trumpeters, and the trumpets having sounded thrice, he knocked lustily at the gate.

Previously to this, the Lord Mayor, in his state carriage, attended by the civic authorities, had taken up his station opposite the entrance to the Temple.

In reply to the knocking at the bar-gate, the senior City marshal rode forward, and, when under the archway, asked "Who comes there?" To this the reply was: "the officer-at-arms, who demands entrance into the City to proclaim Her Majesty Alexandra Victoria Queen of the United Kingdom."

The City Marshal then admitted the Pur-

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suivant within the City of London, and conducted him to the Lord Mayor, who, upon being made acquainted with the object of his visit, directed that the whole of the cavalcade should be admitted.

The Pursuivant, upon the receipt of this permission, returned to the western side of the boundary, when the gates of Temple Bar were thrown wide open to admit the procession.

At the corner of Chancery Lane, York herald read the proclamation.

Then the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Recorder, Sheriffs, and other City authorities, fell into the procession immediately after the officers-at-arms, and moved on to the end of Wood-street, where the cross formerly stood, in Chesham-street; here the proclamation was read by Chester herald. The procession then advanced to the Royal Exchange, in Cornhill, opposite the gates of which the proclamation was loudly read by Portcullis Pursuivant.

At each of the halting-places, after the proclamation had been read, the band played "God save the Queen," and the sentiment of the anthem was responded to by the acclamations of the assembled thousands—the spontaneous and loyal impulses of a free and happy people. The crowds in the streets were densely packed; and such was the curiosity to witness the brief ceremony, that multitudes were assembled, for that purpose, on the roofs of the Bank of England, and the Royal Exchange.

At twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, the ceremony was entirely at an end. The Lord Mayor drove to the Mansion House; the Aldermen and Sheriffs to their respective residences; and the heralds and military rode to their destination over London Bridge.

Thus terminated the ceremonial of the proclamation of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. It was, in all respects, an effective form, and had much of the character of a chivalric pageant, with, however, a somewhat strange admixture of ancient and modern splendour. The heraldic appointments, as the surcoats of the heralds, carried us back to past ages,—the superb insignia of many a glorious scene chronicled in the imperishable pages of history. On the other hand, the equipments of the Horse Guards presented a magnificent picture of the soldiery of our own times. Nothing could well be finer than their gigantic stature, strongly-knit frames, and picturesque costumes, enriched by brilliant ornaments and tasteful contrasts of colour. Nor must we forget the massiveness of the state liveries—stiff with gold; the costly embroidery of the trumpets, and the rich glitter of the silver-gilt maces, that well denoted the high import of the whole pageant.

Yet, amidst all these attractions it was im-

possible not to feel that the whole scene was but one of cloud and sunshine, such as make up the great drama of human life, whether it be in the palace or in the cottage—among the successors to thrones or the lowliest born of the land,—in the rude nursery of civilization, or the varnished halls of refinement. A few hours had but elapsed since the good, old King had “shuffled off his mortal coil,” and the nation had become beclouded by the bereavement—yet next radiant with joyful hope for the long and peaceful reign of his successor.

THE LATE KING :

CHARACTER, FROM THE TIMES JOURNAL.

THE events of the late King's life afford no fit materials for the biographer. They are already familiar to the whole world, and partake so much of the common-place of history, both individual and political, that if they were now, for the first time, to be made public, it would be difficult to ingraft upon them any novel or striking interest. The simplicity of William IV.'s career before his accession to the crown corresponds with that of his original mind and disposition. There was no involution or complexity in either. He met with no adventures on a wide scale. He displayed no gross, nor great, nor memorable attributes. There was no guile in his nature, nor obliquity in his course. He was not a man of genius nor of superior talent, nor of much refinement, but he was diligent, nay laborious, in his application to that which he conceived it to be his duty to comprehend—sincere in his declarations, and swayed in his decisions mainly by a regard to right and justice. If the features of his character had little in them of an historical shape or colour, still their bent and texture were indisputably good; he had all those tendencies which contribute to domestic comfort and enjoyment—affectionate to wife and children, to brothers and sisters—steady in his attachment to the friends of his early life, and indefatigable in his efforts to serve them, whether by purse or influence. William IV. manifested on the throne the best qualities of a private English gentleman, exercising throughout his reign the most unaffected and liberal hospitality, the most active charity, the most neighbourly kindness, and social cordiality and cheerfulness. He bore himself in every instance like an honest and well-intentioned man—one who, had he done nothing for the cause of public liberty, could, even as an individual of high station in the country, have been ill spared in times like these—and who well exchanged a title to the admiration of mankind, for an undisputed claim to their esteem and their affections.

SUMMER MUSINGS.

DR. DARWIN apostrophized the past month as
“Born in yon blaze of orient sky,”

presuming that the balmy hours are disturbed by no chilly reminiscences of the churlish season past; as if, like some other regions of the earth, the seasons were entirely distinct from each other, and Spring and Summer stood apart in their beauty, unmolested by the “envious chiding” of the bitter blast. In these isles of the west, it is, alas! far otherwise; the “rough and stormy sire” seems loth to part with his sweet daughter, one may hear him at even muttering his lingering adieu, he chills the pale morn, or bids his driving sleet deform the day delightful. At length, he is fairly gone, and the blue, unclouded azure, the blackbird's song, the butterfly's light wing over the fast opening flowers, the drowsy hum at noon of the provident bee, the still mistiness in the horizon's verge, the bursting buds, the emerald meadows, and the cuckoo's note,—all betoken, that, for one year, we have escaped from the rigours of winter. The crimson wall-flower is in its pride, the pansies in varied beauty look up cheerfully at us, (“they are for thought,” said poor Ophelia,) the graceful laburnum—“dropping gold,” the harebell “deeply blue,” the gaudy tulip, with all the painted family of flowers, are, one by one, revealing their many-coloured charms.

The Invisible Hand is again decking the earth in beauty. Who has not felt the calm, the dewy softness, which falls on the wearied spirit on retiring to some leafy solitude, where no sights or sounds but those of nature can intrude to mar the musing hour. How holy, how pure is the stillness—broken only by the light breeze whispering in the branches overhead,—how all the jarring cares, the petty contentions, the wayward passions of existence sink into their real nothingness in that serene seclusion, so favourable to communings with our better nature. We feel unworthy of the least of these gifts of thine, Parent of Good!

“Thus wondrous fair, thyself how wondrous then!”

“Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.” Alas! that pains, and sins, and sorrows, should be so rife in this beautiful world, where such divine harmony pervades all things inanimate.

Is it not to be lamented that the taste for Nature, pure, lovely Nature alone, is now so out of date, that we feel almost ashamed to avow our preference of the leafy woodland, the sequestered glade, the pomp of groves, and garniture of fields; do not these delights sound in some ears like exploded fancies, subjecting their possessor to the epithet of a romantic visionary, in this era of practical utility? Montgomery mourns that the “age of poetry is gone:” has it not taken with it

much that has a tendency to purify, elevate, and refine our nature? Turn to the poets of a former day, and their expressions of devotional admiration at the varied seasons, the dewy morn, and dusky eve,

"The clouds in thousand liveries dight,"
the sunshine and the shade,—seem like mere rhapsodies to the utilitarian spirit of the present day. 'Tis not that nature's gifts are less profuse, but we observe them less; we are more occupied, it should seem, with the cares and riches, the schemes and the pleasures, of the world. True, the Hamadryades are scared away once and for ever, from many a "dim old sounding wilderness" of other days; the woodman's axe has sounded a doleful prelude to the annihilation of those

"Arched groves that sylvan loves,"

and the factory rears its many-windowed, business-like aspect, where once the wild wood spread its boundless continuity of shade. Lands are inclosed and drained, which once only echoed to the lonely "bittern's drum, booming from the sedgy shallow;" while the railroad's noisy track intrudes rudely on sweet "meadows trim with daisies pied." Every appliance that can facilitate the business and convenience of life, is progressing with wonderful rapidity; but we are gradually circumscribing fair Nature's kingdom,—intruding the works of art on her sweet and holy solitudes, and soon the haunts the Muses love, will be numbered with the things that were.

"Who, (says the pure and artless muse of Beattie,) the melodies of morn may tell?"

The wild brook bubbling down the mountain's side,
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

None more sweetly sang of rural delights than the "blind old man, who told the immortal story of a lost paradise." There are lines in his *L'Allegro*, so perfectly expressive of rural life in the olden time, (as we may now call his day,) that no picture could better portray the scene:—

"Sometimes walking not unseen,
By hedge-row elms on hillocks green;
Right against the eastern gate;
Where the sun begins his state;
While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blythe,
And the mower whets his scythe;
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set,
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
Sometimes with serene delight,
The upland hamlets will invite!
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jolly rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the checker'd shade.

And young and old come forth to play,
On a sunshine holiday."

These simple pictures are drawn by the same master hand which so sublimely describes the morn as "waked by the circling hours," and, with "rosy hand unbarring the gates of light." Sir Walter Raleigh invited the world-weary to scenes,

Where murmurs ne'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

And with what quaint beauty does George Herbert describe the long, long summer's day:

Sweet day, so still, so calm, so bright,
Thou bridal of the earth and sky;
Soft dew will weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die!

The contemplative Gray tells of reclining at

the foot of yonder nodding beech
That rears its old fantastic roots so high,
To pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

There are cold natures in the world who discern naught in all this but visionary folly, and bootless enthusiasm, who "scout everything that a line cannot measure," and bring to their own especial use and benefit. But, are we not in danger of scorning, under the name of romance, much that is "pure, lovely, and of good report?" and of substituting in its place a cold, hard, calculating spirit, which is indeed of the earth, earthy, and which has a tendency to draw our thoughts from the contemplation of that Power, which "Ever busy wheels the silent spheres," "Works in the secret deep," and "spreads the fair profusion of the Spring." ANNE R.—

THE UNBROKEN VOW.

VALDIVIA and a number of his companions being wrecked on the coast of Yucatan, in 1512, fell into the hands of the natives, who devoured him and the whole of his countrymen, save two, at a grand feast held by the cacique and his subjects. Mr. Washington Irving gives a very curious account of one of the survivors, Jeronimo de Aguilar, who was a native of Kcija, in Andalusia, and having been brought up to the church, and regularly ordained, shortly afterwards sailed in one of the expeditions to San Domingo, from whence he passed to Darian. He proceeded in a different mode from his companion, who was a sailor, in his dealings with the Indians. Instead of acting the hero among the men, and the gallant among the women, he made himself a model of meekness and obedience to the cacique and his warriors, while he closed his eyes to the charms of the Indian women. In the latter respect, he reinforced his clerical vows by a solemn promise to God to resist all temptations of the flesh, so he might be delivered out of the hands of the Indians. The cacique remarked his unexampled discretion with respect to the females, but doubted his

sincerity; and, after laying many temptations in his way, which he resisted with the self-denial of a saint, the cacique at length determined to subject him to a severe trial of his virtue. He accordingly sent him on a fishing expedition, accompanied by a young damsel; they were to pass the night by the sea side, so as to be ready to fish at the first dawn of day, and were allowed but one hammock to sleep in. After suspending the hammock to two trees, and resigning it to his companion, Jeronimo lit a fire on the shore, and stretched himself before it on the sand. It was, he said, a night of fearful trial; for his sandy couch was cold and cheerless; his resolution, however, though often shaken, was never overcome, and the morning dawned upon him still faithful to his vow. After the fishing was over, he returned to the residence of the cacique, where his companion, being closely questioned, made known the triumph of his self-denial before all the people. From that time he was held in great respect; the cacique especially treated him with unlimited confidence.

W. G. C.

The Sketch-Book.

MY COAT, MY BOOK, AND MY UMBRELLA.

It was thorough English spring weather, smiles and tears together, with a greater proportion of "tears" to the mixture, when Mr. Jonas Obby issued from his residence in Hart-street, Bloomsbury, one day not very long since, towards one o'clock in the afternoon. The house which that respectable gentleman then left, was one of the neatest in a very neat street: the marble-like purity of the steps at the door, invited all who looked that way to walk up; and the little brass plate, which requested all comers to knock as well as ring, in its lustre carried out a cheerful air of warmth and hospitality even to the exterior of the premises. But with this we have little to do: all that we desire to enforce is, that Mr. Obby, of course, participating in the characteristics of his domicile, was in himself a pattern of neatness and precision. The mathematical correctness of the red brickwork façade, with stone-pointed corners, was but an outward demonstration of the regularity of life and conduct of the indwelling man.

When Mr. Jonas Obby paused at his own threshold on this same 21st day of May, he was exactly ten days advanced in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and the thirty-seventh of his public service as a War-Office clerk. He was still unmarried. He powdered slightly; drew four hundred a-year from his official duties; dressed soberly; and furthermore owned ten thousand pounds in the funds, a cheerful, ruddy countenance, and an incipient double chin.

Mr. Obby is still standing before his door, in that momentary pause before starting, in which elderly gentlemen are apt to indulge, as a convenient opportunity during which to ascertain that nothing is left behind in the house which should be more immediately behind in his coat. But Mr. Obby finds that all is right—puts himself seriously into motion, and the servant-girl, who has been wondering "whether he will ever go," shuts the door upon him with an accumulated slam. Her master, however, has provided against all contingencies. It may rain, and most likely will; he has not, accordingly, stirred without his umbrella. He is going a long distance, and it may prove cold at night; it was advisable, therefore, to have a great coat at hand; and in addition to these, he carries a large shawl for the neck in the pocket of his coat, and a thick handsome volume beneath his arm.

Mr. Obby was on his way to visit a friend at Little Chelsea; and to a man of his retired habits this was no slight excursion. Perhaps, it was hardly wise in him to venture out during such changeable weather, but he thought it better to take the chance of a ducking, than sit upon thorns all day at home; for this was the most comfortable position in which he would have found himself, if, after having promised himself a holiday, and his friends, the Wabblings, a visit, he had disappointed both parties by staying all day within doors at Bloomsbury. He could not have been easy in his mind about the Wabblings: they had provided him a dinner, and he was bound to go and eat it.

"How very fortunate this is!" thought Mr. Obby, as he met a sunbeam upon turning into Holborn, "how very fortunate this is—it will be fine after all!" And fine it proved to be, and particularly warm too; and the universal streets steamed again beneath the sun, as you may have seen the pavement over a baker's oven. Think then of Mr. Obby, threading his way through the holy land, and beginning to laugh at himself for loading with so much useless incumbrance:—"As if I were not weight enough myself," said he, in pleasant allusion to his own little, rotund, tub-like person. But he left off laughing, for the clouds had rolled away, and the mid-day sun ogled him spiteously aslant the chimney-pots; and he felt hot and flustered, and the only signs of cooling showers left, were the big drops which rained from his own forehead. "Here is my friend Thompson's,—I'll step in and just leave my great coat—that will lighten me nicely." Mrs. T. received the coat and a compliment, promising to return the former whenever Mr. Obby might call for it. And so that gentleman again put forward on his journey, umbrella in hand, and his book under his arm. But books are

awkward things in a crowd,—they oblige one to make a square shoulder, and catch and snap with their sharp corners at every passer by. Besides the tome was so much additional luggage. Our only wonder is how he came to think of bringing out with him such a companion. But Mr. Obby made one of a book society, each member of which, in virtue of an annual subscription of six shillings, was entitled to the liberal allowance of twenty-four volumes in the twelvemonth. The work then beneath Mr. Obby's arm was one of these, and it had been his business to get through the same in a fortnight; beyond that time he was fineable! Mr. Obby had but another day, and there were still thirty-four pages to read, so he thought he would take the chance of a spare hour at his friend's house.

But the old gentleman got tired of his "lug," and having another friend with whom he thought he could take the liberty, he deposited his burthen with much satisfaction. Yet, still, he was not satisfied: coat and book had both been left on the road, but there was the umbrella! He was in Piccadilly—at least he thought so—though he *felt* as if he were making rapid strides towards the centre of the solar system. The sky was of as clear a blue as my Lady ——'s livery; and looked as if it had finally left off its winter garment of cloud for the season:—he had promised himself to walk, but had entered into no engagement about carrying weight. Didn't Phipps live in Piccadilly? to be sure he did. He might, then, leave his umbrella with that person, and call for it as he returned in the cool of the evening.

We hope we shall not weary the reader with these little arrangements of Mr. Obby's; but in truth it was necessary he should know them, in order fully to appreciate the extraordinary character of the troubles which eventually arose from these trifling proceedings. Mr. Obby at length reached Little Chelsea; and there he duly paid his respects to his friend Wabblington's young wife—*et puis*, admired the garden, ate his mutton, drank his port, talked his politics, played his hand at cards, and—prepared to depart.

It was a wet night—a very wet night! Nothing was to be heard but the plash, plash of the rain-drops, and the clinking of occasional pattens. The wet oozed in at the street-door, and the beer-boy as he passed played all over like a fountain. It was quite clear that the visitor must take an omnibus, or, more properly speaking, that an omnibus must take him into town. Here, then, was an end put to all his little arrangements about calling for his coat, &c., and Mr. Obby had nothing for it, when he arrived at the place where the 'buss stopped, but to get into a coach, and so home.

It was very vexatious. His personal pro-

perty was jeopardized by being in the keeping of other parties; and, as for the book, he must either forego finishing it, or else pay a day's fine, besides risking the anger of the next member on the list,—his immediate neighbour, Mrs. Cantanker. However, it was of no use fretting, so Mr. Obby having mixed himself a very composing draught of Kirschwasser, retired for the night, blessed in his unsuspection of the events of the morrow.

T. R.

(To be continued.)

Spirit of Discovery.

AUTOMATIC SHIP AND SEA.

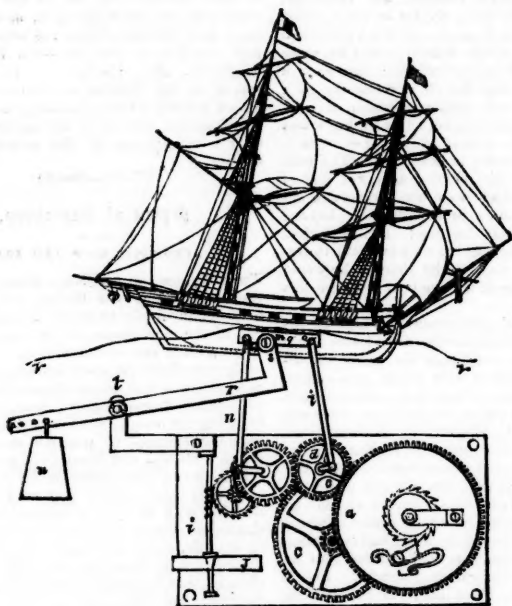
THIS Automaton has lately been added to the collection in the Gallery of Practical Science, in Adelaide-street, Strand. It is one of the most successful attempts at imitative motion ever accomplished. It is perfectly free from all those interrupted *staccato* effects which generally mar the finest productions in clock-work; and it faithfully exhibits the easy, ever-varying, and ever-blending changes of position and surface, which a steady, stiff breeze will produce on a flowing sea, and a vessel under full sail.

The sympathy, if we may so term it, of the ship with the sea, is admirable; when she seems to overtake a wave, her bow slides up its side, and is projected into the air; as she rides on its breast, her stern also becomes elevated, and her deck is, for an instant, horizontal; and then, as she leaves it, her bow is depressed, and she sinks bodily down into the succeeding hollow. The last effect is so perfect, that a lady, visiting the gallery, was heard to exclaim to her companion, "Do come away; that subsidence is really so natural, that it brings all my recollections of sea-sickness about me."

To give an idea of the actual size of our vessel, we may state that from stem to stern, she measures five inches and a half, so that she appears to be not much larger than her portrait in the annexed diagram.

Though the effects are so perfect, yet the mechanism, it will be evident, is very simple. It is concealed in the model from the observer, by a membrane, (*v*), which is attached to the hull, and thence extending to the borders of the machinery-chest, is there fastened. This membrane is very delicate in its texture, and extremely pliant; it is not strained tight but, on the contrary, left very full; and its surface is painted to represent an agitated sea. In all the elevations and depressions of the vessel, this membrane of course accompanies it; but to the spectator, the motions of the vessel seem to be the effect, and not the cause of the waves.

In the diagram, one of the containing plates of the machinery is removed to show the connexion of the parts. A spring con-



(Automaton Ship and Sea.)

tained in a barrel (*a*) communicates motion through a train of pinions and wheels (*b*, *c*, *d*), to two wheels (*e*, *f*), which have each the same number of teeth, and are geared together; on the axis of these wheels are cranks (*m*, *k*), which move two shafts (*l*, *n*), attached by centre-pins (*o*, *p*), to the keel (*q*), of the vessel. To this keel is also attached, by a centre-pin (*s*), a lever (*r*), which, resting on a fulcrum (*t*), is continued beyond to any convenient length, and has, near its end, a movable weight attached (*u*). One of the cranked wheels (*f*), is geared by a pinion and wheel (*g*, *h*), and an endless screw (*i*), with a fly (*j*), for regulating the velocity.

Supposing the lever (*r*) to be removed, the cranks and the shafts (*m*, *k*), (*l*, *n*), vertical, and the machinery in action; it will be seen, by examination, that motion would be communicated to the vessel, but that it would be simply vertical, a mere up-and-down movement, and that the deck would always be parallel to the line in which it lay at starting. If we add the lever (*r*), centring it midway between the centre-pins of the shafts (*o*, *p*), a very small, but scarcely a perceptible variation, would be produced;

but if now we place its centre-pin (*s*), nearer to the centre-pin (*p*), of one of the shafts, than to that (*o*), of the other, we shall have the motions of the centre-pins so controlled by the radius (*s*, *t*), that they move both ascending and descending, with different and differing velocities; so that the stem and the stern of the ship will rarely remain for two successive instants in the same level plane.

The invention is French, and patented. The names of T. C. Cailly and Eude, are stamped upon the machinery-case.*

THUNDER-STORMS.

On May 31st, Mr. Wm. Snow Harris, of Plymouth, delivered a lecture at the United Service Museum, on the phenomena of thunder storms. The introductory part of the lecture was devoted to a lucid explanation of the simple principles of electricity, with a number of experiments, to show that the electric fluid is the cause of the phenomena manifested in thunder-storms. The electric fluid is cognizable to the senses only through the effects

* Abridged from the *Magazine of Popular Science* No. 3.

of attraction, and this is developed in a simple form by the friction of glass, amber, &c., which attracts light bodies, and is attended with a cracking noise and an evolution of light. On a small scale, all the phenomena exhibited in a thunder storm can be brought into being by means of rubbing glass, &c. The opinion was long prevalent that lightning and thunder are the results of a superabundance of the electric fluid in the clouds, and it was deemed a matter of great consequence that its identity should be proved, so that the phenomena could be traced and the results effectually examined. It is well known that Dr. Franklin and certain French philosophers, by setting up certain bodies, drew from thunder clouds a fluid similar in all respects to that evolved from the electrical machine; and this has repeatedly been proved by submitting it to a variety of experiments. It is also well known that some bodies transmit the electric fluid with very great rapidity, while others impede its progress, and in some instances almost refuse its passage. This has occasioned a division of bodies into what are termed conductors and nonconductors. The atmospheric air is in a great degree a nonconductor of the electric fluid, and Dr. Franklin showed this by raising a kite in the air, and by means of the thread so bringing down the electric fluid from the clouds to the earth. He also by means of continuous metallic rods raised above his house, and descending to the ground, brought down the electricity from the thunder clouds passing over his house, and thus prevented any ill effects arising from it. These rods were in the first instance connected with bells, so that whenever there was a thunder storm it was accompanied at his residence with a ringing of bells. Such rods are now well known by the name of Franklin's conductors, and are affixed to most extensive buildings, with the view of preventing those results to them which so often follow from thunder storms.

At this part of the lecture a number of interesting experiments were exhibited illustrative of the advantage of these conducting rods for buildings. A mass of cotton was placed at the end of a suspended rod, which was intended to resemble a cloud, and this was charged with the electric fluid, and was made to pass near the model of a house to which the conductor was affixed. The electric fluid passed off innocuous; but when it was disconnected the effect was manifested by an explosion taking place. The going off of the electric fluid arose from the circumstance that being an agent distributed through all bodies in a greater or less degree, when there was an overcharge in one body a portion would pass off so as to produce an equal action.

It has been proved beyond all doubt that

similar results to those produced in cases of damage by lightning, can be produced by a rush of the electric fluid. The lecturer then exhibited a number of experiments in proof of this: and that the spark from the electric machine, and the cracking noise accompanying it, were identical with the flash of lightning, and the roll of the thunder. He then proceeded to point out the dangers that were constantly arising at sea from thunder storms, when, the atmospheric air being a nonconductor, it was like a sheet of glass between the cloud and the sea. The mast of a vessel, and, above all, the iron about the rigging, seemed to attract the thunder cloud to it, for the electric fluid on all occasions passes by the lines of least resistance. When there were conductors in ships as well as in buildings on shore, so that the electric fluid could pass off, there was little or no danger; but when the line was broken considerable damage often resulted.

It is a remarkable fact that lightning, before touching a body, sends forth an indication of the path it will take, and it uniformly takes the line of the least resistance. Dr. Franklin, on this principle, placed the rods of wire against his house, by which the lightning or electric fluid could pass down to the ground, without injury to the building. It appears, from the strictest observation, that the damage to a ship or building is always produced in the first instance at the point where there is an interruption between two conductors. When there is a continuous conduction, the electric fluid or lightning passes away; but when the line is broken, the most disastrous effects often follow.

The ingenious lecturer then proceeded at some length to explain the phenomena of electric conduction, and to illustrate it by a number of delicate experiments, with a view of showing that the distance of a highly-charged electric body can be measured as well as the quantity of electricity with which it is charged, and that by this means its force and power can be as accurately calculated as that of steam, &c. Considerable difficulty has been felt in applying conductors to the masts of ships in consequence of breaks being necessary in the separation of the masts as well as in the rigging. Hitherto, metallic chains have been used as conductors, by which the electric fluid is made to pass into the water; but this has been found in many instances to be inefficient. It is necessary that there should be a continuous conduction down the mast, so that when the lightning strikes it, should pass off into the water. This he proposed to effect by means of thin lamina or links of metal connected together, and above each joint of which another metallic plate should be placed. This has been tried in several ships, and in every instance it has been found that when the lightning struck,

the mast head it passed off through the conductor, and has never been attended with any damage either to the ships or the crews. Even although the fluid is brought in contact with gunpowder, or other inflammable substances, where there is a conductor the stroke would pass off without any danger. It must often happen that a vessel is placed between a thunder cloud and the sea, and in consequence of the attraction of the mast an explosion takes place, and the ship is struck with lightning, and the greatest mischief ensues. Mr. Harris illustrated this part of the lecture, by making a floating mass of cotton, highly charged with the electric fluid, pass near the mast of a large model of a floating ship without a conductor, and near which a small pan of gunpowder was placed. On the cotton approaching the mast the fluid past down the mast, and the gunpowder was exploded, and the cotton was set on fire. It is clear that the masts are those points of the ship to which the conductors should be applied, because the wood and the materials about them are partial conductors of electricity.

Some persons have said that they would not have conductors in their ships because it drew the lightning to them; but all buildings and ships would as much attract the lightning as the metallic conductors. In point of fact, they have little or nothing to do with the discharge of the lightning, but in cases where the thunder storm is near they serve as the lines of least resistance, and thus the electric fluid can pass off without danger. It would be as absurd to say that the waterpipes against houses or the gutters on the roofs attract rain, as to impute this to the conductors. There is no choice in the matter, for where there are thunder storms, the lightning will fall in conformity with the principle before laid down. Mr. Harris then took a partially hollowed mast, in several parts of which he placed a small quantity of gunpowder. As long as the metallic line was affixed to the mast the electric fluid passed down it without any obvious result, but on its being removed an explosion took place, and the mast was split in pieces. He might be told that the electricity might pass down the mast in such a quantity as to render the conductor of no avail, but hitherto he believed that no instance had ever occurred of a thunder storm of such intensity happening that the lightning could not pass off by means of a conductor of half an inch diameter without occasioning any mischief whatever. There was also abundant evidence as to the usefulness of this conductor, as well as the inadequate protection afforded by the old system of suspending a chain for the lightning to pass off.

A very recent instance had occurred of the latter case. A New York packet-ship recently experienced the effects of a most severe thun-

der storm. The upper part of the mast was split by the lightning, which in its descent knocked down several men, and did considerable mischief. The captain then ordered the chain to be got up and fixed to the mast. At the end of the chain there was an iron rod. The lightning again struck the ship, and melted an inch of the iron rod and broke the chain into small fragments, and passed off into the sea. This showed that a chain was by no means adapted for the purpose of a conductor, in consequence of the want of immediate connexion between the parts. Mr. Harris then proceeded to read a number of other cases from *The Philosophical Transactions* and *The Nautical Magazine*, illustrative of the utility of this invention. The Admiralty had ordered six or seven ships to be fitted with these conductors, and all these ships had been in most severe thunder storms, and the commanders declared that they had never received the slightest damage. The point to which we wish particularly to direct public attention is the immense importance of this discovery, which is calculated to be productive of such obvious benefits to a great maritime power like this country. The principle appears to us to be as simple as the result is satisfactory; and we trust that without delay it will be generally acted upon.—*Morning Chronicle*.

Fine Arts.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AND PAINTERS.

(From Allan Cunningham's Cabinet Gallery.)

Copley's Death of Chatham.

Perhaps, in the choice of subject, the painter's thoughts wandered to his own native America; at all events, he obtained the praise of the illustrious Washington. "This work," said he, "highly valuable in itself, is rendered more estimable in my eye when I remember that America gave birth to the celebrated artist that produced it." Nor is it uninteresting to reflect, that the son of the painter has in our own day filled the seat of Lord High Chancellor with honour to himself and advantage to his country.

Liberality to the Public.

The picture of the Death of Chatham is ten feet long, and seven feet six inches high; the painter refused fifteen hundred guineas for it; it was purchased, we know not at what price, by the late Earl of Liverpool, who used to say that such a work ought not to be in his possession, but in that of the public: these words were not heard in vain by the present Earl, who munificently presented it to the National Gallery.

Sir Joshua Reynolds' Puck.

This merry imp is the portrait of a child, which was painted without any particular

aim as to character: when Alderman Boydell saw it, he said, "Sir Joshua, if you will make this pretty thing into a Puck, for my Shakspeare Gallery, I will give you a hundred guineas for it." The President smiled, and said little, as was his custom: a few hours happy labour made the picture what we see it.

English Painting.

Gainsborough is in every thing English: he was, in some measure, his own instructor; his academy was nature; he imitated no one either in his conceptions, or his style of colouring. As he had never studied out of the island, he had not that fame which clings to those who have studied in the eternal city; but his reputation was all the better for this; it came from an original source. There is much truth in the sarcastic admonition of Northcote to his pupils on departing for Italy, "Go, my lads, go, and remember that you cross the Alps to *steal*."

Correggio's Death.

Of the close of his days, it is said that the canons of one of the churches, which he was employed to embellish, were so displeased with the work, that to insult him they paid the price in copper; that he had this unworthy burthen to carry eight miles in a burning sun; the length of the way, the weight of the load, and depression of spirit, brought on a fever which carried him in three days to his grave.

Among the many legends respecting this illustrious artist, it is said that when young he looked long and earnestly on one of the pictures of Raphael, his brow coloured, his eye brightened, and he exclaimed, "I also am a painter." Titian when he first saw his works, exclaimed, "Were I not Titian, I would wish to be Correggio."

Watteau.

This eminent painter, seems to have been born for the times; he had entered into all the joyous frivolities and magnificent nothings of the gayest court of the gayest nation in the world, with a happiness of heart and hand almost unknown in art. Others worshipped Nature and loved to delineate her slumbering by some fountain's forbidden brink; or awakening love in all bosoms by the unconscious roguishness of her eyes, and the all but celestial graces of her person; the deity whom Watteau worshipped was Fashion; the simple loveliness of woman, as heaven made her, was nothing to him, he looked upon her as incomplete, till the tirewoman, with her rustling silks, her dimpling satins, and her round tires like the moon came and equip her.

"For midnight dances and the public show"—and adjusted with a cunning hand her patches, paint, and jewels. The perfume of

a court was sweeter with him than the perfume of nature, with all her glory. In his pictures, all is quaint and artificial from the ladies to their lapdogs. The architecture has a touch of the fantastic—the ancient statues,

"Women to the waist and fair,"

are placed there as a foil to the flounce and furbelowed madames, who, laced, and pined, and puckered from head to heel, are gazing at the self-complacent movements of their gracious sovereign.

The Duke of Wellington's Correggio.

We are aware that Hazlitt, for whose taste we have much respect, speaks sneeringly of this picture; but he bent the shafts of his satire against the one now in the National Gallery, which is known to be a copy: had he seen the wondrous original, captured by Wellington at Vittoria, his scorn would have risen into admiration. The size is small, some fifteen inches square or so; but true genius can work miracles in little compass. The central light of the picture is altogether heavenly; we never saw any thing so insufferably brilliant; it haunted us round the room at Apsley house, and fairly extinguished the light of its companion pictures. Joseph Bounaparte, not only a good king, but a good judge of painting, had this exquisite picture in his carriage when the tide of battle turned against him: it was transferred to the collection of the conqueror.

Jan Steen

Was born at Leyden, in the year 1636. A taste for art came upon him when a child; he drew with so much skill that his father, who designed him for a brewer, placed him under Nicholas Knuffer, with whom he mastered the science of painting, but he completed his education in the studio of John Van Goyen, with whose daughter he fell in love, and married when he was some twenty years old or so. The produce of his pencil was so trifling that his father established him in a brewery at Delft; but the daily sight of liquor and the practice of proving the strength of it, were too much for his resolution—he gave way to intemperance, and the speculation failed. His second choice of a business was no wiser than the first, he opened a tavern, but he drank as stoutly as his customers did, and the profits were found unequal to the maintenance of his household. His biographers have expressed both sorrow and anger with him on account of these injurious habits of indulgence, and some of them seem to think that for a time the painter was lost in the toper. They have not, however, explained to us how he happened, while keeping the brewery and the tavern, to improve his eye and hand, both in composition and colour, and paint some of his best pictures. He relinquished the tavern, and betaking himself

to the pencil obtained what he coveted—livelihood and fame.

Benjamin West's Settling in England.

West, having made some progress with the pencil in his native land, went to Rome, where he was soon noticed not only for his skill in portraiture, but for his historical compositions. On his way back to America he wandered to London, and was persuaded by some of his countrymen to set up his easel in a rich land, where sitters for portraits and purchasers of pictures abounded. Fortunately for West, a strong, though not a permanent love for historical painting had come upon the English people. He saw and profited by this. A divine was charmed with his felicitous handling of a scripture subject, and a statesman was pleased with his skill in embodying a classic one—and one or both introduced him to George the Third, who knew little about painting, but was pleased with the calm devout look of the gifted American. He was now in the royal road to fame and fortune:—he painted many noble pictures for the King; the best of these are at Windsor, and represent the achievements of the English under our Edwards and Henries. The colours are rich and glowing; the characters are numerous and well delineated, and the scene, whether of battle or of truce, is clearly and happily embodied.

The Public Journals.

ACCOUNT OF A MAN WHO WAS BURIED ALIVE FOR A MONTH, AND THEN EXHUMED ALIVE.

By H. M. Tweddell, Esq., Buncoorah, East Indies.

THE improbability of an act is not to be taken as conclusive against its possibility. There seem to be no bounds to man's ingenuity, or artifice. Circumstances which appear unaccountable to the wise men of the present day, may be familiar to forthcoming philosophers of the twentieth century. The exploits of the salamander lady, of the fire king, of the woman who supported a huge anvil on her chest, of those who in their mouth hold molten led, and wholesale digesters of poisons, may appear as bagatelles in comparison with the accomplishments of our posterity. Even the account furnished in this paper may be only interesting to future philosophers, as the first of a series, showing that air, food, and water, are not entirely necessary to sustain existence, and that a man may betake himself to the grave, and pass away a month, comfortably, if assured that a shovel will be exerted to release him at the appointed hour.

The facts detailed in this account were communicated to me, within these few days, by Lient, A. H. Boileau, of the Engineers, first assistant in the Great Trigonometrical survey, and who was then employed in that part of the country. For the sake of

accuracy, he consented to my taking a copy of a letter written by him to his family on the day that the buried man was resuscitated. That letter I here have his permission to publish:—

"I have just witnessed a singular circumstance, of which I had heard during our stay at this place, but said nothing about before, the time for its accomplishment not being completed: this morning, however, a man who had been buried a month, on the bank of a tank, near our camp, was dug out alive, in the presence of Esur Lal, one of the ministers of the Muharawul of Jaisalmer, on whose account this singular individual voluntarily was interred a month ago. He is a youngish man, about thirty years of age, and his native village is within five kos of Kurnaul; but he generally travels about the country to Ajmeer, Kotah, Endor, &c., and allows himself to be buried for weeks, or months, by any person who will pay him handsomely for the same. In the present instance, the Rawul put this singular body in requisition, under the hope of obtaining an heir to his throne, and whether the remedy is efficacious or not, it certainly deserves to be known. The man is said, by long practice, to have acquired the art of holding his breath by shutting the mouth, and stopping the interior opening of the nostrils with his tongue; he also abstains from solid food for some days previous to his interment, so that he may not be inconvenienced by the contents of his stomach, while put up in his narrow grave; and he is sewn up in a bag of cloth, and the cell is lined with masonry, and floored with cloth, that the white ants and other insects may not molest him. He was buried at Jaisalmer, in a small building about twelve feet by eight, built of stone; in the floor was a hole three feet long, two and a half wide, and perhaps a yard deep, in which he was placed, in a sitting posture, sowed up in his shroud, with his feet, (or legs,) turned inwards towards the stomach, and his hands also pointed inwards towards the chest. Two heavy slabs of stone, six feet long, several inches thick, and broad enough to cover the mouth of the grave, so that he could not escape, were then placed over him, and I believe a little earth was plastered over the whole, so as to make the surface of the grave smooth and compact. The door of the house was also built up, and people were placed outside, that no tricks might be played. At the expiration of a full month, that is to say, this morning, the walling up of the door was broken, and the buried man dug out of the grave, the moonshee belonging to Captain Trevelyan, of the Bombay Artillery, only getting there in time to see the ripping open of the bag in which the man had been inclosed. He was perfectly senseless, his eyes were closed, his hands cramped and powerless; his stomach shrunk very much; and his

teeth jammed so fast together, that they were forced to open his mouth with an iron instrument, to pour a little water down his throat. He gradually recovered his senses, and the use of his limbs, and when we went to see him, was sitting up, supported by two men, and conversed with us in a low, gentle tone of voice, saying, that we might bury him again for a twelvemonth if we pleased. He told Major Spiers, at Ajmeer, of his powers, but was laughed at as an impostor; but Cornet (now Lieut.) Macnaghten, of the 5th regt. Light Cavalry, assistant to the agent to the Governor-Gen. in Rajpootanah, put his abstinence to the test at Pokhur, by suspending him for thirteen days, shut up in a wooden chest, which, he says, is better than being buried under ground, because the box, when hung from the ceiling, is open to inspection, on all sides, and the white ants, &c., can be easier prevented from getting at his body, while he thus remains insensible. His powers of abstinence must be wonderful; nor does his hair grow during the time he remains buried. I really believe that there is no imposture in the case, and that the whole proceeding is actually conducted in the way mentioned above."

Lieut. Boileau was unacquainted with the man's name or caste; he told me that he believed that he had taken up the life of a Fakier. He understood that the man had been buried six or seven times, but whether for any period longer than a month, he knew not; he did not hear how the man discovered his powers, or when he commenced to practise them. Lieut. Boileau arrived at Jaisulmer, after the interment, and saw the place described in his letter, in which the man was buried. There was a guard of four or five Chuprasees, in the employ of the Maharawal, as he understood, who were on the watch to prevent any interference or imposition. The process of burying and of disinterring was conducted in the presence Esur Lall, one of the ministers of Maharawal. The day fixed for the disinterment was known to Lieut. Boileau. Captain Trevelyan's moonshee, who had set forth to give intelligence when operations were to be commenced, arrived only in time to see the people ripping open the cloth, or shroud, in which he had been inclosed. The moonshee immediately started off a man to inform his master; and Lieut. Boileau, who were in their tents, at a distance of about three furlongs.

They repaired to the spot as quickly as possible. Perhaps a quarter of an hour had elapsed, since the opening of the grave, before they arrived. The people had thrown a clean cloth over the man; two of them supported him; he presented an appearance of extreme emaciation and debility; but weak as he was, his spirit was good, and his confidence in his powers unabated. Lieut. Boileau examined,

and measured with his walking-stick, the grave in the floor, and also the two slabs of stone which had covered its mouth. For seven days preceding the burial, the man lived entirely upon milk, regulating the quantity so as to sustain life, whilst nothing remained to give employment to the excretory organs. In that state he was buried. He has great dread of the white ants. Several folds of cloth were spread on the bottom of the grave, to protect him from their attacks. On taking nourishment after his release, he is said to be in a state of anxiety, until he has ascertained that the powers of his stomach and intestines are not impaired. Lieut. Boileau saw nothing more of the man; he understood that he regained his strength, and was for some time in attendance at the durbar of the Maharawal, in the hope of receiving his promised reward, and that tired of waiting until the purse-strings of his patron were loosened, he had stolen a camel, and decamped.

As this account presents facts so extraordinary, it is to be hoped that those who have it in their power will furnish further information on the subject. A communication from Lieut. Macnaghten is particularly desired, and one from Captain Trevelyan. Scarcely thirteen months have elapsed since the report of the man's flight from the court of the Maharawal reached Lieut. Boileau. It is, therefore, probable that he is still alive, and may be induced to furnish a minute account of his method of operation.

There is one paragraph in Lieut. Boileau's letter on which some remarks are admissible. "The man is said to have acquired the art of holding his breath by shutting the mouth, and stopping the interior opening of the nostrils with his tongue." If this be the case, it is supposed that he exerts this power as soon as he finds himself comfortably settled in his grave, before the small quantity of vital air with which he is surrounded is deteriorated, and it is requisite that the jaws should be closely united. Lieut. Boileau mentions, that "his teeth were jammed so fast together, that they were forced to open his mouth with an iron instrument." Of the state of his tongue nothing was remarked. It is now well known that the slaves in South America exert this power of the tongue to obstruct respiration, and occasion death.

The following passage occurs in "Notices of Brazil, in 1828-29," by the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D., in speaking of the foreign slave trade:—"The wretched slaves often inflict death upon themselves in an extraordinary manner. They bury their tongue in the throat in such a way as to produce suffocation. A friend of mine was passing when a slave was tied up and flogged; after a few lashes he hung his head, appearing lifeless; and, when taken down, was actually dead; his

tongue was found wedged in the œsophagus, so as completely to close the trachea. The slave who by this action of his tongue provokes death, hitherto has been supposed to be dead, and in many instances perhaps without any examination at all, his body has been consigned to the grave."

There is a case published by Dr. Cheyne, of a man who had the power of suspending his animal functions, and who performed the experiment *once too often*.

It may be supposed that the public notice of the extraordinary powers of this man will attract the attention of physiologists in both hemispheres.

. We copy the foregoing extraordinary, and apparently well-authenticated account, from the Number of the *India Medical Journal* for August, 1836, (edited by Mr. Corbyn), a file of which periodical work, from June, 1836, to January, 1837, we have.—*From the Lancet.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES. BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

ONE of Sir Charles Stuart's sisters married Lord Macartney, whose name is familiar to the public, through his celebrated embassy to China. In his deportment he was grave and reserved, quite the opposite of his countess, with whom he lived in the enjoyment of great domestic harmony. Lady Macartney was one of the most cheerful and entertaining women I ever met with. She was a perfect chronicle of the times she had lived in. At the age of eighty-four, she enjoyed the full possession of all her faculties, and walked nimbly about her delightful retreat at Chiswick. The warm and lively feelings of youth seemed to animate her heart at the last, and made her greatly beloved by all the juvenile members of the family.

She was one of the number of earl's daughters who held up the queen's train at the coronation of George the Third. Her account of it was highly amusing. "At that period," said she, "those high heads, like the tower of Babel, were all the mode: and on this important occasion hair-dressers were in such request, that it was difficult to secure the attendance of one at the precise hour it might be wished. I got my head done the evening before; and, for fear of discomposing or tumbling it, I sat up all night in an easy chair, with my maid to watch by me, to see that I did not fall asleep. You may suppose, therefore, I was pretty well tired by the time the coronation and its subsequent gaieties were ended; and that, when at last I did get to bed, I left my head to take care of itself. There never was a fashion that interfered more with the enjoyment of the pillow; for what with false hair, wool, a great cushion, and innumerable bodkins, it was anything but agreeable to sleep in."

I have always understood that, in return for the earldom which Lord Bute obtained for him, Lord Lonsdale presented the government with a fine ship of war, which he built at an expense of upwards of fifty thousand pounds. He had, besides, great political influence, being enabled at that time to return seven or eight members to parliament from the two counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland. When I was in the north of England, I was informed by several, who remembered the circumstance, that his father, Sir James Lowther, was always known by the ludicrous sobriquet of "Farthing Jamie!" The fact is undoubted; but the reason assigned for it is, I think, hardly credible. It is stated, and currently believed in that part of the country, that when Sir James visited London, he used frequently to dine (I suppose, of course, *incog.*) at some very obscure and economical eating-house, which he had discovered in his rambles through the metropolis. At length, as the story goes, the price of some article in the bill of fare was advanced a *farthing*! at which the thrifty baronet took such mortal offence, that he withdrew his custom from the house, and never honoured it with his presence afterwards.

His son, who subsequently became Earl of Lonsdale, was a man of a proud and overbearing temper; and it was entirely through the amiability of her own disposition, that his countess was enabled to keep anything like terms with him. I learned, when in Westmoreland, that his lordship had been very far from popular in his own county and neighbourhood, where the old people relate some curious anecdotes respecting him. He was possessed of immense wealth; with which, however, he did very little good, but rather seemed to take pleasure in letting it run to waste. The good elders still tell of piles of carpets that were never opened out, and furniture that was never unpacked; of game, not a little, that was neither consumed nor given away; and of horses which, entirely unbroken in, ran wild, through woods as wild and neglected as themselves, and which lived for no earthly purpose but to consume the herbage, which would otherwise have rotted on the ground. Some stories of his tyranny and waywardness, on a small scale, were rather amusing. He would set out upon some shooting excursion, or other rural expedition, with perhaps two or three subaltern officers of his own county militia, or other humble friends or dependents, in his suite. When they had all had such a quantum of exercise and pure Westmoreland air, as he knew would induce a keen appetite, he would propose a halt, in some convenient and inviting spot, and order the servants to unpack the well-stored hamper. When the viands were all spread out

and arranged, in most tempting order, and the gentlemen of the party were just thinking how extremely comfortable they should be, and only waiting his lordship's signal to begin, he would suddenly propose, upon some frivolous but plausible pretext, that they should rather adjourn to some other still more convenient and delightful spot, (as he termed it,) at some miles' distance; then ordered the servants to repack the hamper, remounted his horse, and rode on, followed by the grumbling and tantalized party, doubtless bestowing silently on his lordship anything but the benediction they were about to bestow on the anticipated repast. I may just briefly add, that on another occasion he invited some of his neighbours to dinner at Lowther Castle, and amongst them two or three country clergymen. Before dinner, he contrived, upon some excuse of showing them a part of the offices, to take them through the kitchen, where a remarkably fine haunch of venison was roasting before the fire. As soon as they returned they were summoned to the dining-room, where a most excellent dinner was served up. Nearly all the party, however, hung back, and were evidently extremely sparing in their attentions to the various delicacies that were set before them. His lordship smiled, and pressed them to eat, in his blandest and most hospitable style. When the several dishes were at length done with, and successively withdrawn, it may be imagined with what doleful countenances the still hungry guests gazed upon each other, when a few puffs and tarts announced the concluding scene, and instead of seeing the door again open, to admit the smoking haunch, his lordship politely requested one of the clergymen to oblige him by saying grace!

Occasionally, however, it would seem that the eccentric peer was himself outwitted. Having offered a seat for one of his boroughs to Mr. Robinson, of Appleby, he had likewise to provide him (as, I believe, is still frequently the case,) with the necessary qualification, on the usual honourable understanding, that as between the parties the estate is only *lent* for the particular purpose, and not *given* absolutely, as the deed may in law import. But the temptation, in this case, turned out to be too great. Mr. Robinson, therefore, thought it right to save one side of his conscience at the expense of the other, by making the estate his own, which he had been obliged to call his own, before he could take his seat in the House of Commons. He refused to give the property back to the exasperated earl, who found himself left without any legal remedy.

It may be well to observe, that the present Lord Lonsdale is only a collateral relation of the late earl, of whom I have been speaking, and that his character is as estimable and

deservedly popular as that of his predecessor was unamiable and generally disliked.

Lord Bute used to relate various anecdotes of George III., all illustrative of the soundness of his moral perception, and the strict line of propriety observed by him, in his intercourse with the ladies of the court, some of whom made themselves a little too conspicuous, by their advances to the handsome and youthful monarch, presuming probably on the queen's acknowledged want of personal charms. The celebrated Duchess of Hamilton, who was one of the most beautiful women in attendance upon the queen, was so deeply enamoured of George III., and discovered her *penchant* so visibly, as to attract the observation of the whole court. "I was standing one morning," said Lord Bute, "in conversation with a gentleman, when the king, who was going to her majesty's closet, met the duchess coming away. She was weeping. 'What! Hamilton in tears!' said the king, good-naturedly. 'I have offended the queen, sire, though without any just cause.' 'The queen, madam, cannot be wrong,' said the king; and turning on his heel, passed on to her majesty's apartment, leaving the disconsolate duchess to comfort herself in the best way she could." At the same time that George III. maintained his fidelity unshaken by the blandishments of beauty, there was not a man of his court more gallant in his bearing to women, or a more punctilious stickler for all the little courtesies due to the weaker sex. One day, Lord Kinsale, waiting upon the king at Windsor, his majesty condescendingly said, he hoped his lordship was come to claim his hereditary knife and fork at the royal board, De Courcy had hardly acknowledged, in suitable terms, the proposed honour, when the queen and some of the princesses entered the apartment. His lordship, forgetting probably at the moment that, in conformity with the ancient privilege granted to his distinguished ancestor, he had kept his hat on on entering the king's presence, still remained covered. "De Courcy! De Courcy!" said the king, with his usual quickness, and good-naturedly touching the peer's elbow, "what! an Englishman, and a man of gallantry, stand with your hat on in the presence of ladies!"

Lord Kinsale slightly coloured, and at once doffed the offending beaver.—*Metropolitan*.

THE ROYAL ROSE OF ENGLAND.—AN IRISH BALLAD.
On the Birth-day of the Princess Victoria, May 24,
1857. By J. A. Wade.

TUNE—"Young Loez lived once."

Within a fine old ancient pile
(Where long may splendour
And luck attend her!)

The Royal Hope of Britain's isle
Has shed her eighteenth summer's smile!

No winter mornin'
Was at her bornin',
But with the spring she did come forth,
A flow'r of beauty, without guile,
Perfumin' sweet the neighb'rin' earth!

We've seen the blossom 'pon the stem
From early childhood—
Both in the wild-wood
And in the halls where many a gem
Did sparkle from the diadem,
But always bloomin',
Without presumin'.

On the rich cradle of her birth;
Her eyes beam'd softly—while from them
All others gather'd love and mirth!

Dear offspring of a royal race,
In this dominion
(Its my opinion)
There's not a soul that sees your face,
But prays for it sweet Heaven's grace.
May every birth-day

Be found a mirth-day—
No clouds or tears e'er frown or weep,
But Pleasure's smile where'er you pace
Bless you for ever 'wake or 'sleep!

Metropolitan.

The Gatherer.

Song, composed on the occasion of two young ladies visiting Hobart town, on their way to New South Wales, by Mr. James Thomson, M.A., of Hobart Town. The young ladies are nieces of Allan Cunningham, the Scottish Poet:

Ain—"This is no my ain lassie."

Two lassies cam' to our town;
Two lassies frae frae yont the sea;
And blithe now it's in our town,
The lassies are sae fair to see.

Free Scotland's hills the lassies cam',
Wi' Scottish hearts sae leal and free;
For Scotland's sake we lo'e them weel,
An' maybe for their ain wee.

Two lassies cam' to our town, &c.

An' sy we'll fill theither stoup,
An' sy we'll drink the barley bree;
An' sy we'll gar the sang gar round,
"The lassies frae ayont the sea."

Two lassies cam' to our town, &c.

An' first we'll drink to bonnie Jean,
A blither lass ye winna see;
An' syne we'll toom a canny cup,
To Jessie wi' the saft blue ee.

Two lassies cam' to our town, &c.

An' when they leave our bonnie town,
We'll wish them weel where'er they be;
An' lang we'll mind, and lang we'll lo'e,
The lassies frae ayont the sea.

Two lassies cam' to our town,
Two lassies frae frae yont the sea;
An' blithe now it's in our town,
The lassies are sae fair to see.

Hobart Town Courier.

Literary distinction, in an educated community, will always raise a man in the estimation of his own immediate circle or class, including the highest; but the utmost it can ever do for one who, without birth or connexion, aspires to mingle with the aristocracy (landed, monied, or political,) of a large metropolis, is to give him an introduction. If his manners suit those of his new associates, and his means are sufficient to enable him

to fall in with their habits and modes of living without restraint—if, above all, he shows no consciousness of inferiority, and invariably respects himself—he will gradually come to be considered a regular member of their society.—If not, he must be content, at the end of his first season, to fall back upon the circle from which he started, and console himself by railing at the ignorance, prejudice, superciliousness, and narrow-mindedness of the higher classes, who refuse to place a fashionable novelist or a dandy poetaster on precisely the same footing with a duke, or a *millionnaire*, whose banquets and balls are the envy of the town.—*Quarterly Review*.

The Railway seems to have been almost unthought of in 1825, that day of showy anticipations. It is true, that the Railway itself has been made the subject of speculators nine-tenths of which must be productive of ruin. But the invention will last—the results will be permanent; and England and mankind will yet acknowledge it as the great discovery of the century of mechanism.—*Ibid*.

Philosophy.—I hardly know what I am treading on when I make a single step toward philosophy: on sand I fear it is; and whether the impression be shallow or profound, the eternal tide of human passions will cover and efface it. There are many who would be vexed and angry at this, and would say in the bitterness of their hearts they have spent their time in vain. They have indeed if they are angry and vexed about it.

Brass was first made in this country by a German, at Esher, in Surrey, in the year 1649.

Oriental Saddles.—The hind part comes up between the shoulders, and answers in shape and purpose the back of an arm-chair.

Duvernay.—Among the oddities of the day, is a clever *caricatura* lithograph, by Mr. G. Nige, ou Mlle. Duvernay dancing the celebrated *cachouca*; its grotesque humour is capital.

Mullet.—Pliny records that one gentleman with a singularly appropriate name—*Asinius Celer*—gave eight thousand nummi (between 64*l.* and 65*l.* sterling) for one *mullet*!

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